



# The Little Waist Defended.

A NEW SONG.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN,  
At VAUXHALL.

**I**N defence of her sex sure a woman may speak,  
Pray what is it now that you men would be at  
You think that we mind each occasion you seek  
To laugh at our dres—little waist, and all that?  
No doubt, sirs, believe it, such nonsense must fall,  
Convinc'd when we look but a moment about us,  
That whether we're a' waist, or no waist at all,  
You can't, for the life of you men, do without us.

'Tis silly to sport with our fancies and dress,  
When we can subdue you whenever we please,  
For sure we've the power, you all must confess,  
To make you ask pardon for that on your knees;  
Then p'ithee, dear sirs, leave our short waists alone,  
'Tis the whim of the day, and we'll have it, don't  
doubt us,

So give o'er jesting, and candidly own,  
You can't, for the life of you men, do without us.

That women have tongues I believe you well know,  
But pray do not force us to put them in use,  
For sure if you give them but freedom to go,  
You'll find it a hard thing to stop their abuse,  
Besides, look at home on the dress of ourselves,  
With your Spencers and Pantaloon's stockings flout  
us,

But I tell you again, O ye confident elves,  
You can't, for the life of you men, do without us.

